THE WILMERDING LIFE

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MISS JULIA M. EDWARDS

Dedication

To

Miss Julia M. Edwards

in appreciation of her constant friendship, untiring efforts and kind advice which has made this paper a success

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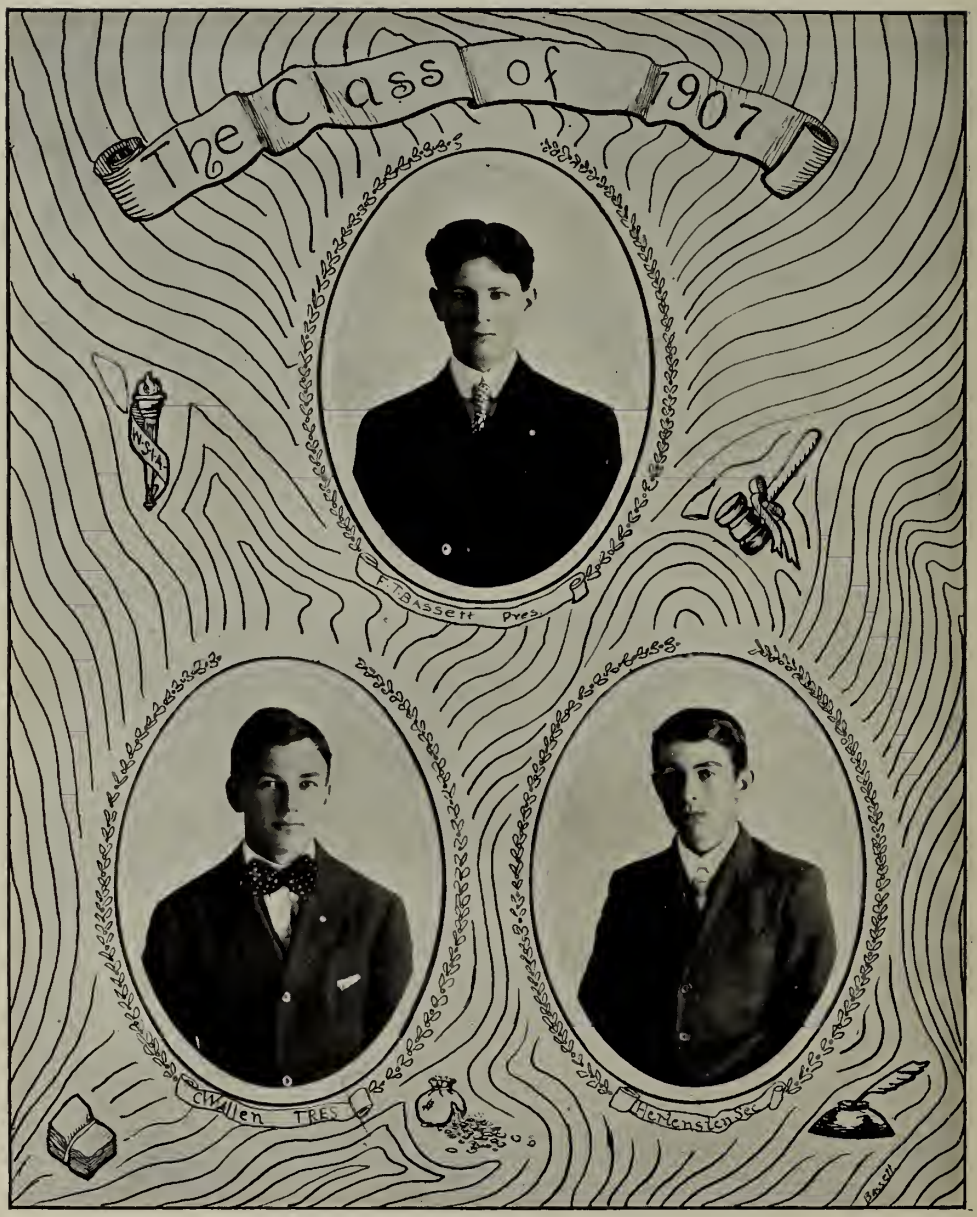

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LITERARY

GREEK ARCHITECTURE AND ITS USE IN MODERN BUILDINGS.

Grecian art had much to do with the beginning of European civilization. The Grecians, living on the sea coast, became sailors and merchantmen. They also became colonizers, and, being a highly intellectual people, they were able to take hold of and develop the ideas they got from the people with whom they came in contact. Their art, in its finally developed state, was original and peculiarly national. Architecture was their most highly developed art; the proportions of plan, elevation and detail being always harmonious.

The Grecians used three different styles of columns as their chief decoration. They built a great many temples, simple in scheme, but carried out in proportions and details that have never been equaled. Each temple contained the statue of some deity and was open to the public to bring offerings to their god. This statue was enclosed in a rectangular chamber, called the naos, which was entered from the front through a colonnade. A smaller rectangular chamber was sometimes added, in which the offerings were kept. This was entered through a rear porch. These rooms together formed a windowless structure which, in the large temples, was surrounded by a colonnade—one of the most splendid features of Grecian architecture. The entire building was covered by a single gabled roof of wood. At first wood was used for columns and walls, but stone soon took its place, with the exception of the roof. Nothing definite is known as to how the buildings were lighted; probably, a hole was left in the roof above the statue. All details were richly colored. A straight piece of stone, or lintel, was used over wall openings. They built the seemingly horizontal straight lines of the temple slightly curved and the vertical faces inclined to the center. This corrected the stiff effect of straight lines and made the building pleasing to the eye. The horizontal lines of the stylobate were made convex upward, and the horizontal corona of the pediment was made convex to offset the concavity that might result from its meeting with the lines of the raking cornice. Finally we may say that the colonnade, the pediment formed by the gabled roof, and the lintel used over wall openings, form the chief features of Grecian architecture. In general, each minute detail was carefully studied and the ornaments well placed. The carving was done with masterly skill. The pediment often contained figures of horses and men in warfare; also of centaurs, half horse and half man.

The Parthenon, one of the most famous buildings of the Grecian Acropolis at Athens, is a most perfect example of Grecian architecture. It was built for a temple, being rectangular in plan (220 by 100 feet). The plan, however, is of little importance, as today there is no call for that kind of a building. The front elevation is of great use. Eight Doric columns support a highly decorated cornice and pediment; the latter is adorned with symbolic figures of great size. The metopes contain sculptured groups and, with the frieze in low relief on the cellar wall representing the Panathenaic procession, are examples of real art. The curving of seemingly straight lines is used to perfection in this building.

The Grecian theater was a half circle in plan, with the stage almost the width of the diameter, and decorated with columns, figures and other detail. They, as a rule, took advantage of a sloping hillside in cutting out and forming the tiers of seats. These theaters were open to the weather.

In general, the part of Grecian architecture most used in modern buildings is the front elevation. In the case of the United States Mint, at San Francisco, many of the principles of the Parthenon are used, and to good effect. The main entrance corresponds to a

typical temple front elevation of Doric style. The pediment is grand in its simplicity; the lintel is used over the window openings. The engaged Doric column and the cornice are found on the four-corner bays just as they used to be put on the cella walls of ancient Greek temples. In the Mint, the addition of a basement and the placing of two rows of windows in the entire height of the columns add a modern appearance without spoiling the Grecian effect. Here a base is added to the column. Of course, it must be remembered that the total width of the entrance to the Mint is but one-fourth the width of the front elevation of the Parthenon.

The Pilgrim Hall, at Plymouth, is also Grecian Doric in style and has a rectangular entrance that is peculiarly Greek. The pediment is somewhat weakened by the lack of an overhanging cornice, but the bas-relief in the triangular bay, of the landing of the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, is well pictured.

Grant's tomb, at Riverside Drive, New York, is a purely Grecian monument. The Doric column is used in construction as well as for ornament. The circular colonnade and square window openings are typical Greek.

As far as the principles of the Grecian theater are concerned, we have an illustration in our own college town of Berkeley. This is typical in every respect:—built on a sidehill, semicircular in plan, stage full diameter and decorated with Doric columns and overhanging cornice.

The successful modern "Sky-Scraper" is built externally on the same proportions as the Grecian column with its cornice, shaft and base. The lower stories, corresponding to the base, must be built to give the effect of solidity—as if it were abundantly able to carry the superimposed weight. The next stories, from five to thirty, if need be, have their vertical lines emphasized, but with a few well marked belt courses, corresponding to the shaft of the column, and give the appearance of height to the structure—which is generally seven times its width. The whole is surmounted with two or three stories and a cornice, often highly decorated.

Thus we see that the principles of Grecian architecture are applied in every form of building today, either as an ornament or in true construction.

—GEORGE YOUNG, '07.

BILL BAILEY AND A FEW OF HIS STUNTS.

Bill Bailey was the name of a shaggy little sorrel broncho. A more devilish animal never lived—it seemed to me that way, anyhow.

My first acquaintance with Bill was when a fellow, called Jean, came down from a near-by ranch riding a black horse and leading Bill with a rope. The fellow said that he heard I had just come to this part of the country, and if I was willing he would take me around. All I would have to do would be to get a saddle out of the barn and put it on "Bill, here." My uncle got me a saddle and I began to saddle what I thought was the most docile of beasts. I was reaching under him to catch hold of the "cinch" to "cinch" the saddle tight, when my innocent little Bill jumps sideways away from me about three feet. This was kind of sudden and unexpected. I looked up at my uncle and saw him grinning. Not to be a quitter, I went over to Bill and patted him on the neck; the little rascal pointed his ears and looked around. I made a quick movement for the "cinch" and pulled it up tight. Billy agreed that he was beat there and was satisfied. I looked into his mouth to see what kind of a bit was there, and was satisfied when I saw a substantial Mexican bit. Everything seemed all right, and I said I was ready. After a few cautions from my uncle, we started out. Bill behaved very well until we reached the front gate, where he got a little nervous. I touched his flanks with my heels and he gave a jump into space and came down stiff on all fours; before I got over the shock he was jumping like a hobby-horse, tail stretched out almost straight and head way down. At about the third buck the saddle seemed to slip away from me and I found myself with the flat of my back on the road and Bill standing head down and looking as innocent as a lamb.

After this, when I regained the saddle I hung the reins over the saddle-horn and held onto the horn with both hands. I had learned that some horses can be guided by the stirrup, so I tried Bill, and he responded. My joy was great when I found this out. I didn't tell Jean about it, because he might have some more fun at my expense.

We were galloping down the main road at a lively clip when Bill's ears went to the front (this was a signal for me that there was to be something doing), and then back, and then he stopped, stiff-legged, but I was prepared. He didn't understand why I didn't go sailing over his head. Jean laughed loudly, and said I was getting onto the ways of the country. Again, Bill was galloping and without any signal tried to make an offset at right angles to the line of direction in which we were rapidly moving. I thought surely my arms were going to pull the saddle off his back, but I stuck fast.

Bill seemed to own an unexplored mine of tricks, and as soon as he had shown one, and it was thoroughly understood, he would call it a "back number" and proceed to display new ones.

—GEORGE JACOB, Jr., '09.

LAW IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY.

The sun had been up but a few hours, and as it was early in the spring, fragrance mingled with the clear atmosphere of the northern part of Montana. Over the rolling country for miles could be seen cattle and horses in great numbers, and the old adobe ranch house of Bill Sunkers. As a whole the scene represented years of open life of a typical Montana rancher.

Bill was all alone, as most ranchers are on a Sunday morning. He had just finished his breakfast dishes and, after having fed Shep, his never departing friend, as he called him, went out to the barn to put a couple of strings in his saddle. Shep watched him closely as he cut out the strings from an old buckskin stretched over one of the sideboards of the lumber wagon. Having cut a half dozen or so, Bill threw down his knife and began to stretch them one by one over his knee. Shep knew all of what was going on, as he had seen this performance gone through many times before. This finally grew tiresome to him, and walking over to an old barley sack that lay in the yard, he coiled up and went to sleep.

A quarter of an hour had passed by when the gate back of the barn was heard to open. Shep was quick with an answer, as all ranch dogs are, and Bill jumped to his feet to see who was there. It was his neighbor, Mike Gordon.

"Good morning, Mike," he cried. "Say, it's a wonder you wouldn't run yer poor skate ter death. Gee, but how did yer ever raise such a sweat on a Sunday mornin'? If you're working for me, I'd fire yer too quick."

Mike stepped off his horse and simply said: "You will think different in a minute, old boy."

"Why, what's up?" cried Bill, in a different tone of voice.

"Well, I just come ter tell you that there has been a bad bunch of fellers through the country some time last night and got away with thirty-three head er steers from me."

"No! You don't mean it?" stuttered Bill, in still a different tone of voice than before. "Ain't yer mistaken?"

"No. The way I happened ter find out is this: Last night I went up on the ridge back of the house and put some poison in a dead yearlin' to catch coyotes. This morning I got up early to see what luck I had and I took the trail along the fence that runs up the ridge. I did not go direct to the calf, but went a little distance on to the other side. To my surprise what did I find: a hole cut in the wire fence. Close investigation showed that cattle had passed through and shod horses besides. I immediately rode back and found there were thirty-three missing. They were there last night, 'cause I counted them, and 'tis a cinch that none of der boys round here are going ter cut a wire fence ter get through. They're gone, and with a bad bunch of fellers, and now I've come down ter see if I can't get yer boys ter help me and track them up. It means a lot of trouble, but yer know just how it is; if we don't catch them now while the trail is hot, why, they will do it again."

"You're right," Bill exclaimed, "and I am right with you; but all the boys went inter town last night and I am all alone. What I'll do, is, saddle up and go get them. While I am gone you had better get up the horses in our lower field so that we all can have fresh ones when we start out."

"All right, Bill, and say, you get all the extra help yer can, 'cause we'll need it."

"You bet, and I won't have any trouble ter do so, neither," and he was off.

The first ray of light had barely been visible when the campfire was noticed to light up again.

Mike put his horse in the barn, saddled up one of Bill's, and brought the ones in from the field. After they were brought in and put in their places he took a seat at one corner of the barn and for a few minutes did not make a stir, but seemed to be thinking very deeply. Finally, leaning over and picking up a sliver, he scratched a clean spot on the ground and then commenced to draw a rough sketch of the country through which he thought the outlaws would run the cattle. Having finished the rough outline and marking the rivers and mountains, he finally drew a circle. This was the scope of country in which he expected to catch them. It was the only safe route for bunco men to get out of that country with a band of cattle. He then stood up, figured it the second time with same results, and seemed to feel much relieved. Taking a third glance, he said, to himself:

"Ah! if about thirty of us fellers catch them in that scope of country it's a dead cinch 'tis they don't get away without scrappin' mighty hard fer it, but, of course, yer never can tell——"

Just then he spied Bill at a distance returning with the boys. You might have thought a troop of United States cavalry was coming.

"Well, Mike, if we can't wipe a bunch of cattle thieves off dis earth there is no one in this God-forsaken country who can," exclaimed Bill, at the same time stepping off his horse.

Mike shook hands with all of them and then showed the map he had made on the ground.

"That's jest how I er figured it out, and we can jest make it der about dark," exclaimed one of the boys.

"Well, boys, it's simply get a move on," cried Bill. "Put yer horses in the barn and saddle up the others, while I go and make er cup of coffee and git er bite to eat, 'cause it's no tellin' when we'll ever eat ergain."

The meal, which consisted of ten-minute biscuits, bacon, and a few spuds, was cut very short and soon they were ready. All mounted, they told twenty-eight, and with a whoop they were off. Mike and Bill took the lead and headed for the hole in the fence. When it was reached Bill piled off, examined the wires for a few seconds, and then was back on again. Passing through the hole he was heard to say to Mike: "As sure as I'm a livin', that's the work of some bunco men, and it's just as you said, 'None of der boys round here got der gall ter cut a wire fence just ter get through.' We've got ter get them fellers or bust."

Away they went; up hill, down hill, through the sagebrush and then into the Milk River Basin, all the time following the tracks. The signs grew fresher for every hour that passed by. A few miles on they met two Crow Indian trappers, who informed them that they had passed eight half-breeds about nine o'clock that morning with a band of from thirty-five to forty head. Two of the men were mounted on pintos, one on a white, and the other four on bays.

"That's them, sure as a pop," cried the punchers together, and they were on the go again. Instead of following the tracks, they took a short cut over a small range to the right which would bring them out in the neighborhood of where the supposed thieves had been seen by the trappers.

Darkness met them on the ridge at the head of the basin. Here they halted for a few minutes to water their horses at a spring, except Mike, who rode down the side to get a better view. All at once he halted, swung his horse around and turned back. The boys knew about what was the matter and held their breaths for a few seconds.

"Say, boys, we're right on them," cried Mike, coming back on a zigzag trot, trying to

keep clear of the sagebrush at the same time. "They're no more than a mile round der bend, and are staked out for der night. Got der fire a-going and guess they am fryin' their spuds and bacon. Come on, Bill, and let us make out for sure that it's them. Better get ofl our horses and walk down, so we don't make any noise, 'cause no telling if they got any dogs along that might hear us."

Climbing out on a rocky point they could see the campfire, but that was about all. They were camped in such a position that if one approached near enough to see anything he would be heard.

"Guess we got ter wait until mornin'," said Bill; "they'll get away from us if we tackle dem ternight, and another thing, we can't prove it's them. What der yer think about it, Mike?"

"Well, I am pretty sure it's them," answered Mike, " 'cause they hain't had time to go much further. The best thing that I see we can do is ter divide up, surround them, and when mornin' comes we can tell. Of course, if it isn't them, we simply get left behind, but I am satisfied that it's the crowd."

"Well, I guess that's the best thing we can do, Mike," and they returned to the boys.

It was then a little after nine o'clock, judging from the stars. After eating a ranger's meal, they tightened their saddles and were divided into five lots, with one man at the head of each.

"Now, remember," said Bill, just as they were about to separate, "the minute they commence ter move in the mornin', close in on them and try ter get as near as yer can before being discovered. If there is any shooting to be done on our part, remember that either Mike or I will commence it, but if they start in first, why let them have it."

They parted, and Mike and Bill stationed themselves with their men on the side toward which the outlaws were most apt to move.

All night long they lay in watch and nothing could be heard except the distant howl of the coyote.

The first ray of light had hardly been visible when the campfire was noticed to light up again. Then could be heard the bawl of cattle. This stirred the boys to certainty that they were on the right track. All sat in their saddles and eagerly waited for daylight to come. Each minute seemed an hour. Finally the men could be heard starting the cattle off. It was hardly daylight yet, but the time had come to move. The boys in the rear moved down slowly and were soon on the level with them. Gradually it grew lighter and the first figure to be seen was the white horse ridden by one of the half-breeds. So far, the boys in the rear had been able to keep under cover, partly due to a ravine which they were able to slide up through. Every minute brought them nearer and they knew that something was to happen soon. Bill Sunkers and his men were the first ones to come into view. The two half-breeds in the lead slightly turned their heads, but seemed not the least bit alarmed until they spied five more mounted men approaching from their right. They halted, and suddenly wheeling their horses around, assembled their men from the rear. The horses began to act nervous, as they seemed to realize all of what was about to happen. The cattle moved on in an unguided manner, and the half-breeds went to no more trouble with them. Everything appeared on the stir as they noticed the arrival of men from nearly all sides. An excited conversation seemed to be carried on. Every second that passed only proved to reveal more and more their guilt. The next instant they had drawn their Winchesters and Colts, put spurs to their horses, and were off.

"Halt! halt!" cried Mike and Bill, together, as they plunged forward in fast pursuit.

The vengance that Mike had hoped for had been inflicted. Page 23

The half-breeds answered with their Winchesters.

Then, like a flash, commenced the rattle from all sides, and the boys started to close in on them. The first shooting was at long range and without result. In the next few minutes it could easily be seen that it was the intention of the half-breeds to break through the line and make for the mountains that were near by.

This part of the line was also the weakest, and a deep ravine on the south side could be relied on as a drawback to some of the guards. It had been well planned, and all in a few minutes. Gradually they neared the line and within firing range. The next instant down went one of the half-breeds mortally wounded, but as yet the line at that spot was much the weaker. Then came the clash and the result was that two of the half-breeds cut through the line, one of them being the leader. Of the horses stationed at that point not one was left to pursue them. They now had the advantage, as none of the other boys were within several hundred yards of them. Leaning low over their saddles, they urged their horses on with all the speed of one seeking life and escaping death. Then suddenly turning, they shot into a divide between two rocky points and were out of sight. Here they proved that they were strangers in that part of the country. The divide, instead of forming an opening into the mountains, only led to a small hollow of a few acres which were encircled by a high cliff. It was a sad mistake to them, and soon they were aware of it; but, rather than surrendering and facing court, they prepared for the last. It was only a few minutes when a shower of lead put an end to the terrible struggle. The vengeance that Mike had hoped for had been inflicted, yet his heart felt heavy, for in the terrible mix-up, four of Bill's men went down, never to rise again. —T. FREESE, '06.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.

(A personal experience.)

April 28, 1907.

We started on the steamer Higgins, from Mission Pier No. 2, and made our way down the bay to the Golden Gate. We went safely over the bar and were out to Point Bonita when the dinner-bell rang. We all went down except the ones that felt sick, and most of them did look pretty pink under the gills.

After dinner the captain told of some old experiences that he had had and there was a general run of stories, but just in the midst of a good story the steward came in and said that he wanted to clear the table, and asked us to go to the saloon.

It was retiring time, so all turned in. After awhile the ship became quiet, and all we could hear was the slashing sound of the waves. I don't think that we had been asleep more than three or four hours when we were all wakened by a tremendous roll of the vessel, which sent us out of bed. The ship plunged and shook as though she was grinding on the rocks. We all became aware that there was something wrong. We opened the door and, to our dismay, we heard the officers shouting orders and the clang of the bell to put full astern.

The life boats were all swung over the side, ready for use, but no one got into them. The officer opened the hatches and peered into the hold, but saw no water; he then ran to the side of the vessel and looked over, but did not see any rocks; he was at a loss for an answer for what had happened. There was nothing wrong with the ship, so she continued her trip, and at 4:15 p. m. we reached the little outside port named Fort Bragg. Then we found out that there had been a terrible earthquake and that what was left of San Francisco was being destroyed by fire. —L. FULTON, '09.

FIVE-FOURTEEN A. M.

We started at three o'clock and from that time until daylight were the coldest hours of my life.

I had on a heavy coat and was wrapped in a blanket, but the cold came right through. The beat of our horses' hoofs on the frosty road were the only sounds that could be heard in that cold, still morning.

At the foot of a small hill we pulled up to let the horses rest. How cold it was! how still! The breathing of the horses seemed very loud in the darkness.

It was too cold to hold conversation, so we rode on in silence.

Far up into the frost-covered hills we rode; everything was white with frost, with the exception of the shadows of stray bushes along the roadside.

It was getting lighter as the miles passed slowly by and a streak of gray stood out behind the highest mountain peak.

The birds in the trees began to move about, and the early meadow lark whistled in the distance.

How still everything was! Not the faintest kind of breeze! A horse whinnied in a near-by corral the echo spread from hill to hill, and then everything was still again. It was now quite light and we had made pretty good time, as I thought, and asked:

"What time is it, Will?"

"I don't know, and it's too cold to find out."

And again we rode on in silence.

A horrible, uncanny rumble caused both of us to sit up and look at each other, but only a second! And then both horses feil in their harness, the wagon rocked like a ship in a storm. A tank came crashing down and splashing water for a hundred feet around. A second or two and all was still again. It was a few seconds before either of us could speak; my friend was the first to recover himself:

"I guess that was an earthquake."

I agreed, and he continued:

"It was a big one, too."

We both became silent. Then all at once I remembered how cold it was.

—W. H. TROWBRIDGE.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

"Stop him! stop him!" excitedly cried a musical looking young man, as he pointed at a fast disappearing pair of corduroy pants.

It seemed as though the figure would escape, when the pursuer let out another yell, "Stop him! stop him! Don't let him escape with that money!"

The crowd, not knowing what he had done, excitedly joined in the chase till the street was packed with a crazy mob trying to overtake the fleeing figure.

But, alas! it was all up with him for, as he was about to turn the corner, a burly copper grabbed him.

The crowd packed around and waited in suspense for the charge, when the musician came puffing up and in beautiful tones cried, "Braunagle, how dare you try and escape without paying that 25 cents for cap dues?"

The crowd disgustedly walked off and the big policeman fainted, so I don't know whether Holl got the money or not.

—GEORGE MERRITT, '09.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club is and has been from the beginning a very enterprising student organization not only in the amount of work it has turned out, but the quality as well.

Mr. Belfrage, our former chemistry teacher, immediately after having a dark room built, called a meeting of the students interested in organizing a Camera Club. The first meeting was called in November, 1904, at which time we decided to run with a board of directors. Mr. Belfrage, Mr. Whipple and Mr. Douglas were elected to run the affairs. At the first meeting there were about fifteen fellows. While a good many had cameras, none had ever had any experience in the line of developing and printing, so the material for the club was practically green.

The Lick and our school were getting up their exhibit for the Portland Exposition, and they intended sending a lot of photographs, so that gave the club a golden opportunity to start. The Lick Camera Club was at that time reorganizing, so the two clubs combined forces and started in real earnest.

While most of the successful pictures were due to Mr. Belfrage, still the club gained knowledge as the pictures were most varied,—some interior, some exterior; the subjects running from oil paintings to hot water systems.

Through all the picture taking and making we kept a close record of conditions and exposures.

We arranged with Mr. Merrill to have the last period every Friday afternoon for some experiment or lecture. Mr. Belfrage continued to take the lead in this work, giving us some very interesting talks on pictorial composition, grouping, mounting and method of developing and printing.

We had planned outings, but on account of the wet weather it was the early part of February before we could get out. On the fourth of that month we started out for Redwood Canyon on the 8:45 a. m. Sausalito boat, and proceeded to Mill Valley, where we began our tramp. There were nine in the crowd, all with cameras ready for action, and some were so anxious that they began snapping as soon as we had started. We reached Redwood Canyon about 11 a. m., and after photographing some of the large trees we went up near the head of the canyon, where we ate lunch. We were all ready to eat; some especially so, as the packages were growing heavy. Were we hungry? Fredson had eighteen sandwiches; they all disappeared. The rest of us were well supplied and were nearly equal to Fredson.

After lunch we went back to the fork of the canyon and started up the bootjack trail. Our crowd was quite varied in size; long, lanky Sorenson generally took the lead, and Fat Hilp was always on the end. We reached Westpoint about 3 p. m., where the crowd split, five going on up the railroad to the mountain top and the rest starting back down. The crowd met at Mill Valley again about five p. m. and started for home.

The second outing was in the early part of March, but on account of the rain only four had enough courage to take the trip. This trip started from Mill Valley, over the milk ranch trail, down into the Frank Valley. While this trip was not attended by so many, the pictures which we brought home were some of the best taken by the club.

The third outing was planned for the middle part of April, but we got too much of a shaking up and, as school was discontinued, we postponed it indefinitely.

When the fall term opened, Mr. Belfrage was off on a year's leave of absence and Miss

Hess took his position.

The first thing to be done was to reorganize under a new constitution. New officers were elected and everything was put into working order again. The officers elected for the first term were Mr. Hertenstein, President; Mr. Bassett, Secretary; Miss Hess, Treasurer; Mr. Ashley, Librarian. At Christmas, the second term of officers were elected, they being Mr. Bassett, President; Mr. Chapman, Secretary; Mr. Hertenstein, Librarian.

At this time there were a good many new members taken into the club and we found it necessary to appoint a committee to show them the dark-room arts.

Our work again started in the weekly meeting by branching out into bromide enlarging. By the assistance of the different departments Mr. Wood made an enlarging camera. Miss Hess first gave us a talk on lenses, which showed the principle of the camera. Mr. Wood next made a few experiments with the camera and showed us how to work it. Since that time some first class photography has been turned out. Since then different members have been giving short talks on methods of printing and the benefits of different developing and printing-out paper.

Our third outing was in the latter part of September, '06, but on account of the threatening weather only five of the members showed up. Our trip was to Redwood Canyon this time, going up the north fork instead of the main canyon. There were a number of very good exposures taken on the trip. While, of course, the composition was not always perfect, it showed that the members understood their cameras. It was said by a judge in the competition that Chapman's picture of Miss Hess and Bassett, taken on the ridge of Redwood Canyon, where the wind was blowing a gale of forty miles per hour, was a case where a good background was spoiled.

Our fourth and last outing came April 21, '07, in which we intended to go to Rock Springs, in Marin County, but changed our plans, as we were too late starting. After traveling up to the head of Mill Valley, where we got some good exposures, we circled around the side of the mountain, through brush, into the canyon, where we ate lunch. After eating we started home, coming back by the Mill Valley reservoir, and arriving in the city about 4:30 p. m.

We took some very interesting waterfalls on this trip, but the crowd seemed especially interested in a group Moore took. Any information about this picture will be gladly given upon application to Mr. Moore.

The Camera Club not only stands for photography, but it is a place where you can always find good fellowship. There is some one in the dark room nearly every morning, noon and night. If it is not to do some work himself, he wants to see what the rest are doing, or to find out something that he is stuck on. The conversations often grow so interesting that the bell is not heard. Let us hope that the interest will continue and increase.

—F. T. BASSETT, '07.

CLUB-FOOT.

A few years before 1880 there was an exceptionally large bear that roamed through the greater part of California. This bear was one of the largest ever seen, of the type called cinnamon bear. The cinnamon, as a rule, does not grow very large; this one was an exception to the rule. There were numerous expeditions started out to kill him, but he always succeeded in eluding them, escaping unhurt.

In 1880 the damage done by the big cinnamon was unusually severe. Out of one flock of sheep he killed over one hundred. The herder decided to rid himself of this nuisance, so he set a gun for him. This kind of a trap is illegal, but little did the herder care. A large gun is loaded and cocked, then a string is tied to the trigger and passed around the butt, then up in front of the barrel, and a piece of meat is fastened to it. The gun must be well anchored or the shot will go wild. The big cinnamon was a little shy of that meat, but finally struck it with his paw. His head being out of the way, he only lost one paw. He was so angry that he broke the gun all to pieces, even breaking the barrel.

After this the big cinnamon was known as Club-foot. If he had been noted before it was nothing to the notoriety he now obtained. Club-foot killed everything that came before him. It did not matter to him whether it was a man or a sheep. The oldest and most experienced hunters all tried their luck at Mr. Club-foot, but it was all the same, none of them could get him. Very often the tables were turned and it was the hunter, not the hunted, that was killed. Club-foot was known by the track he left; his weight would force the stump of his leg into the ground, so that his other foot would not cover the track.

If a prospector heard a bear roaring he would run for his camp or a tree, as Club-foot was never known to climb a tree. If a sheep herder was abed and heard a disturbance among his sheep he would draw his blankets around him and pray that Club-foot would not get the scent (frequently the first prayer for years). Club-foot was very fond of sheep herders; he frequently dined on them.

Club-foot reigned the terror of the country for years. He was known from the Canadian line down well into Mexico, and from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and always with the same dread. There was one very peculiar thing about him, and that was the speed with which he could travel. As a rule, a bear does not travel fast, but he was just the opposite. He almost rivaled the deer.

For twelve long years these things continued. The best hunters were baffled. In the fall of 1900 a boy of sixteen was out grouse hunting, near Oroville. He was sitting down resting when a noise startled him; he looked up and there was a large bear not more than three feet from him. The boy was so scared that he hardly knew what to do, but he pulled both triggers of the shotgun and the two charges entered the bear's chest near the right side and passed on, a few shot coming out on the left side. The boy returned to Oroville and said he had killed a big bear. At first no one would believe him, but finally two men went with the child and found old Club-foot. He had simply dropped in his tracks. The old hunters envied the boy greatly, not only for the large rewards offered by many of the sheep and stock men, but for the renown of having rid the country of its deadliest and most famous enemy—old Club-foot. —W. S. ARMS, '10.

FUTURE HIGH SCHOOL RACES.

It was during my senior year, 2010, that the Academic Athletic League was to hold its annual submarine tournament, many schools of the city competing.

The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts and the California School of Mechanical Arts were now combined, going under the name of Lick-Wilmerding Trade School. The school was situated on Franklin Square, and consisted of one main building, where academic studies were taught, and several outlying buildings which contained the different shops. In the electrical shop all were busy, the main center of attraction being the two submarines, towards which all the shops in the school had contributed a little work.

The race was to be called on April 18th, and from the time the boats were completed, February 4th, much practicing was done, many machinists trying-out for the crew.

While all this was going on the rules committee of the A. A. L. had reached the following decisions:

1. The race was to start at San Francisco at 12 a. m. on April 18th, and end at Hongkong.
2. The route was to be the shortest way between these two points.
3. Any boat rising to the top should be disqualified.
4. Each boat should carry an official to decide if the boat had made a fair race.
5. Each school could enter only two boats.

On the morning of April 18th, all the contestants were assembled at Golden Gate Straits. The boats could be distinguished from one another by their numbers and the colors of their headlights.

Our crafts were numbered five and six, and had blue and gold headlights.

The boats were held in line by a powerful electric magnet and all were allowed to have a certain amount of power on.

At 12 m. the circuit was broken, and with long, graceful dives the submarines shot under water and started on their journey. I was in number five, and going at seventy miles an hour, when suddenly we felt a slight grating on both sides of us and, with a terrific crash, two boats collided just ahead of us. No one was hurt, the struggling crews being picked up by the patrol boats.

Gradually number six began to creep ahead, but a boat with the headlights of Polytechnic High School followed close behind.

The previous record for this race was forty-two hours, fifty-five minutes, held by Lowell High School, the distance being three thousand miles. We had covered about two-thirds of this distance, when I felt a slight shock which was caused by a boat trying to get between us and another craft.

There were only thirty-five miles more and we could see the great ray of light which we were supposed to pass. Just as a boat crossed this ray its number, the place it made, and the time it made the race in, is flashed all over the world by wireless telegraphy.

We were now fifteen miles from the finish and I put on all the power possible. First, one boat would get ahead, and then we would.

We were now only a mile from the finish. At four a. m. April 20th, boat number six, with the headlights of Lick-Wilmerding Trade School, driven by Chester Whelan (a descendant of Jack Whelan, the great automobile driver), had crossed the finish and broken the previous record, making it forty hours, exact.

The crews from the different boats were received by the Hongkong High School, who honored us with a great banquet, giving us an all-round good time. We were then taken to "Frisco" by the Hongkong Aeriel Club. As we had the record for America, and the Hongkong High School had the record for Europe and Asia, we promised them a dual meet for the championship of the world. —RUDOLPH MUELLER, '10.

MUSIC AT WILMERDING.

Wilmerding now has an activity which few other educational institutions in the state possess; an activity through which a student may spend his leisure moments in a way that will give him great pleasure and cause him to forget the troubles of this world.

It is an activity in which he will not have to worry about "age limit", "indurance" or "rank in scholarship"; an activity by which, if he should care to do so, he could always gain a livelihood. It is an activity which has as its object the practice of music.

Returning home from a hard day's work, the student will always find his music a source of pleasure and comfort.

If one really wants to devote himself to the art in its highest standard he must find some other way than by the Ragtime route, on which most beginners usually go.

To learn music properly one must listen to good music, just the same as in learning a language the student must be made directly acquainted with the best of that language and literature, and not with the slang part of it.

But now, for the benefit to the school, including its activities and the student body at large: The student is filled with a greater spirit of love for the school; he begins to take a greater interest in things. The presence of the band at athletic occasions fills the athlete and teams in general with greater vim and endeavor. It encourages the student in the bleachers to urge his team along and he is filled with an honest pride for both teams and school.

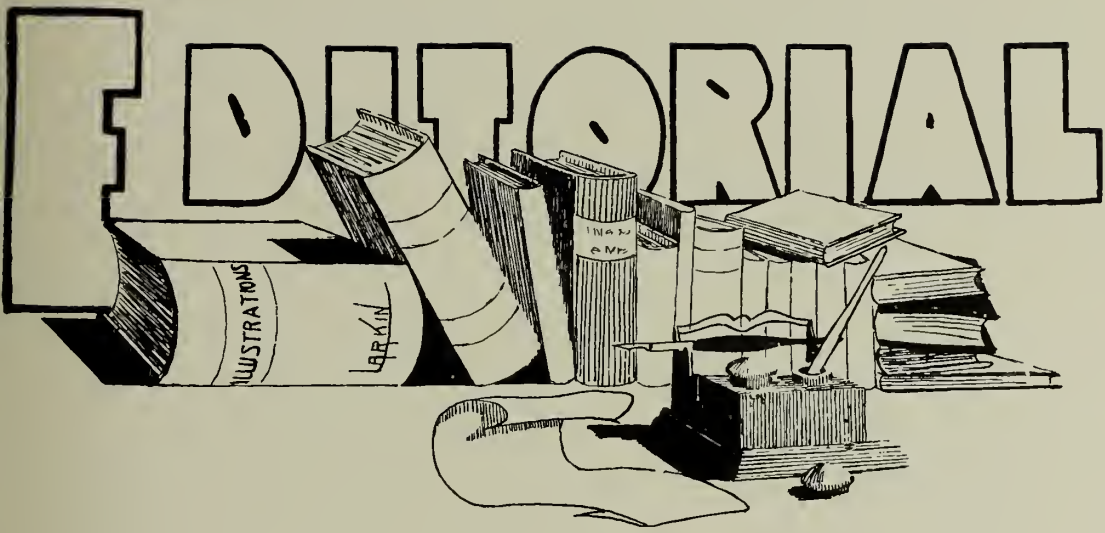
It shows to the outside world that the school has found better means of supporting its representatives than by starting a fight when the game goes the other way, or using fish-horns and rattles.

The Wilmerding band was organized shortly before the "quake", and since then has been progressing most favorably. No dues are charged, and any student who has had any experience at all is eligible to membership. As a rule, most of the players' expenses are paid on country trips and they generally receive an all-around good time.

We hope that in the near future the school will be the proud possessor of a musical organization which will enable the student to learn any branch, vocal or instrumental, and which will show the world that there is more life in the Potrero than the name would suggest.

—GEORGE E. HOLL, '08.

EDITORIAL



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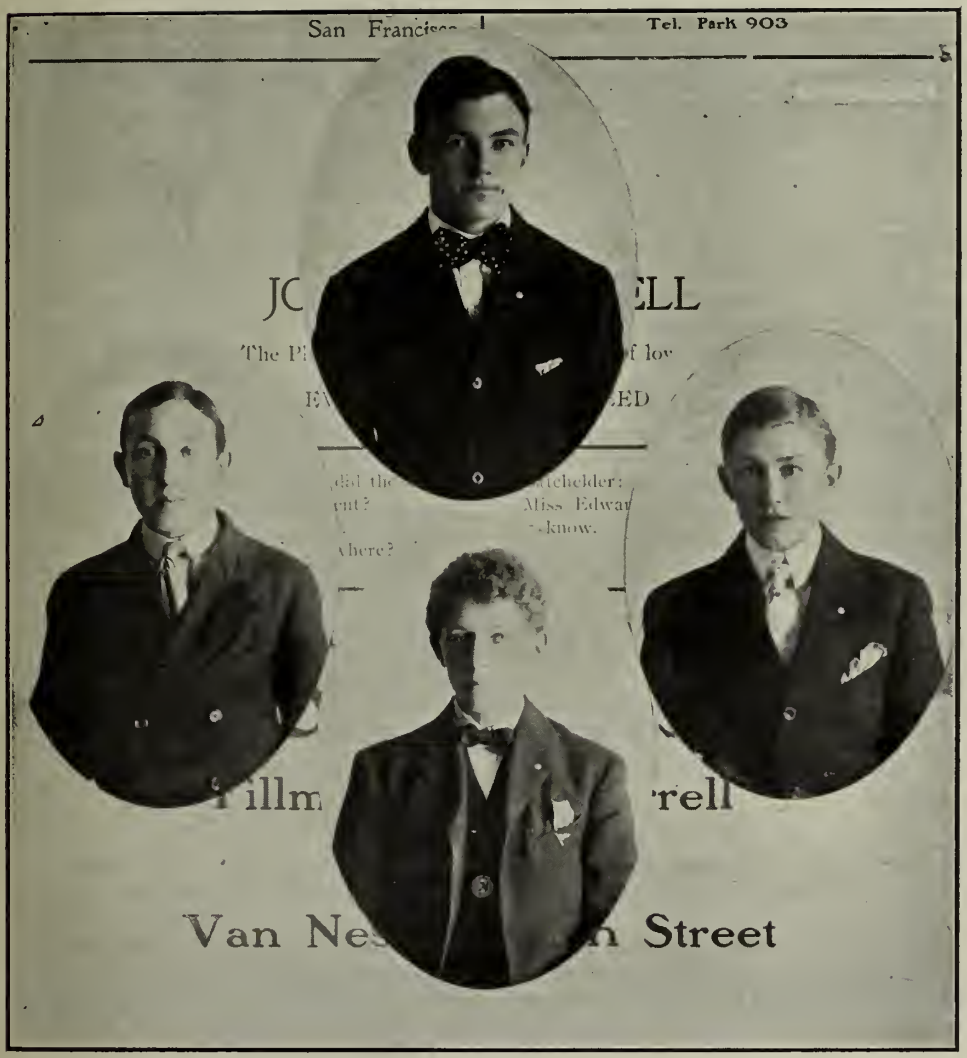


C. Wallen, Business Mgr.
M. Fox, Advertising J. Mason, Subscription
V. Franz, Asst.

EDITORIAL.

Doubtless every boy in our school has asked himself, "What am I here for?" and "What am I doing?" These are questions we all have, at some time or other, asked ourselves. We all probably know why we are here, but do we all realize what we are doing, how we are spending our time?

When entering a trade school, almost every boy has some line of work in view that he would like to follow and make a business of. He makes a start; is very enthusiastic, and works hard, getting along nicely at first, but after a while, when he has become accustomed to the shop, and has gotten acquainted with the other boys, this work gets old and tiresome, and he slacks up on his good endeavors. The other shops, that he has not worked in, attract his attention, and when the first vacation comes he is glad to get away from his work. And there is just the slightest doubt in his mind as to whether he really does want to follow that line or change to another.

During the first few days of this vacation school is forgotten and his mind is taken up with pleasures, but by the time school opens again most students come back with their minds settled as to what they want to do, and the majority of them get in and do it, making a class of pupils our school is glad to have. There are, however, a few that do not come back for work, but simply come because their parents want them to. The boy who comes for this reason, without any special aim of his own, and who goes from one thing to another, gets but little benefit from the time spent here. He generally gets out of all the work he can, spending his time watching his neighbor, He not only wastes his own time, but also his shopmate's. He takes up the teacher's time and gets no good from it, until he is finally dropped from school. This boy leaves school declaring that trade schools are dreary and monotonous. Often he has partially learned his trade, gets a job, and tries to pass for one who has had his training at Wilmerding, thus doing the school a positive injury, for it is liable to give the school a bad name. This, sometimes, causes our graduates and faithful students much trouble in after life, for they have to rectify the wrong impression people are liable to get from this source. On the other hand, the boy that has some aim, or something to work for when he comes, sees the bright and pleasant side of high school life and usually makes a success of whatever he starts. For this kind of boy there is no better place than the Wilmerding School, but there are many much better places for the other boy. We are glad there are but very few of the latter in our school. Why should there be any?

We hear a great deal about school spirit. "Come on! Buy a ticket to the game." "Vote for Smith for baseball captain." "Hand in your name and sign up for a place in the track team," etc.

Such remarks as the above illustrate the idea that prevails in regard to what school spirit is. If a lively response to such acclamations is made, the school is said to be spirited.

The school that sends the most men to a game, and makes the most noise and show, is not necessarily the most abounding in good, true spirit. For instance, the members on the teams may be unjustly placed through the influence of cliques and frats. This condition shows the very opposite of true school spirit.

With each new term many boys make their first entrance to our school. Some few of these are already stars in athletics, and are heartily welcomed into all school sports, but the

boys who wish to make a beginning, the remaining number, are in hard luck. Their manners gain for them nicknames not always complimentary. Their persons are caricatured and they are considered suitable material for the school's laughing-stock. As a result some of them become discouraged, and, declaring there is "nothing in it," seek other amusements that are more accessible, and, out of each entering class, only a third or less continue to take part in athletics.

The boys who have thus been turned down are weak and timid and are the very ones that most need athletic training, and, if given encouragement from the start, would, in most cases, soon prove themselves successful athletes. These shy people are generally scholars, so we would have scholarly athletes.

Too much attention is paid to the man who is already an athlete and not enough to the man who is weak and would be helped by out-door sports. There is no good reason why every boy in our school should not follow some line of athletics.

One of our city papers recently had a cartoon representing two young men, with diplomas under their arms, descending the college steps—typical of the two kinds of young men schools are supposed to send out into the world. One was an athlete with a fine physique, but little brain; the other was a book-worm, all brain and no health. A school like Wilmerding ought to turn out young men with the good qualities of both—with a well developed mind controlling a strong and healthy body.

Why does not this condition prevail more in all our high schools? Are not the league games partly to blame? The best athletes, or the stars, are the ones that are wanted in the league games, and after that number has been selected, what becomes of the rest? They usually stop training and cheer the other more fortunate ones, on to victory. These few that make the team are benefited greatly, but the others get little, if any, good from the games, except watching and cheering those playing.

If the league should cease or drop out of the high school circles, and we should have more inter-class and dual meets, as we would, wouldn't it be a great step forward in high school athletics? For then every boy could have a place on some team or in some field event, and the entire school would get the benefit of athletics instead of just those who play on the teams.

We are all interested in the games and field meets where our school is represented, but many of us cannot attend these games, or meets, on account of work or other business, especially if they are held on Saturday, as they frequently are. Therefore, those who do not see the games are anxious to get the paper or see some one who knows how we came out. The city newspaper is the most accessible and it is to this source we usually turn for the information wanted. As the paper report is very brief, it seldom gives a good account of the results, and we are not satisfied until we get to school the next Monday and see some of the boys who were there. For these reasons we think it would be a good plan for the Student Body to elect some one to write up an account of each game or field meet and have it printed in the daily paper. If this were done, the other schools, and also the public, would know what we are doing in athletics. If the person elected could not attend every game and field meet, let it be his duty to appoint a deputy that would be there. Think it over before the next Student Body meeting takes place.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF "NAUGHT SEVEN."

The history of the Class of '07 dates back to a time about four years ago, when we were enrolled as Freshmen. During this first year we became prominent in athletics by winning the second inter-class field day held soon after we entered.

The year we entered, "The Wilmerding Life", our school paper, was started; several of our classmates have developed hidden talents in the literary line through this paper.

In our Sophomore year we had many prominent track men developed, among whom were J. Willison, C. Fay, B. Kelly, J. Lemon, F. Daniels, A. Vezina, D. De Camp, and H. Harkness. This year an inter-class baseball tournament was started. A banner was offered for the winning class; we were defeated by the Freshmen Class, but did not give up hopes of out-doing them the next year.

In the "Academic Swimming Tournament" held in our Sophomore year, C. Fay, a member of our class, succeeded in getting second place for this school; he also broke the school record in this race and received a gold medal.

J. Willison, another member of our class, broke the school record in the four-forty yard race, eight-eighty yard race, and high jump; he received three gold medals for doing this.

At a meeting held one noon to decide on a constitution for the class, some of the members showed their disapproval by starting a general "rough house", which ended in our having to change our meeting place and also in getting a curtain lecture. We decided, after this, to bar out of our class meetings all members who had taken any part in this affair.

During our "Junior" year we were not able to defeat the Sophomores in the field days nor in the baseball tournament, but gave them the hardest fight that they ever had to keep the banner, as they defeated us by the score of four to three.

Some of our most prominent men left school this year to work at the trades they had taken up while here, so that we were weakened in the athletic line, but most of our literary men were left. During this year we had many men on the staff of the paper. Charles Pearson, a leading member of our class, was elected Business Manager; Mark Larkin, President of the class, was elected Editor-in-Chief.

A proposition was started to get "class fobs", but the "little wiggle" put a stop to this. We were also planning for a dance for the Seniors, but circumstances alter cases.

Upon returning to school in our Senior year, we found many of our old classmates had left us, having found that they were capable of following the trades that they had worked at while here.

One of those that did not return was Charles Pearson, who had been elected Business Manager of our school paper, so a new Manager had to be chosen; again a member of our class came to the front, Charles Fredson being the one selected to fill the position. His health failed him so that he had to leave school. Carl Wallen, the class Treasurer, was appointed in his place; he has succeeded in making the "Wilmerding Life" one of the best school papers in the state.

Our Editor-in-Chief, Mark Larkin, found that it would be impossible for him to continue in school, so George Young was appointed to fill his place; he also was one of our strongest members. After he had worked on one issue he secured a position with a local firm, so the place was again left vacant. This time, Frank Flinn, a member of the Class of '08, was appointed for the end of this term and also for the ensuing year. Many others on the staff for this year are members of our class.

On the sixth day of October, the Senior Class were all assembled on board the yacht

"Elsie" for a ride around the bay. Each one of the party was given some well known name or character, and had to carry out his part. Everything went very smoothly until the waves got a little bit rough, which caused some of the party "to feed the fishes" and also to make out their wills.

Every one spent a most pleasant day. The young ladies all wished that the Senior boys would soon have another ride.

Until this year we had what was called an Athletic Association in school, which was composed of just those who wished to join; this proved to be a very poor thing, as most of the expense of buying athletic goods fell upon the few members of the association. On the first of January, this went out of existence and the whole Student Body was enrolled in the Associated Students. The President and Vice-President were chosen from our class and several minor officers.

On "Founders' Day" the Seniors showed the visitors around the buildings and grounds.

Having given this little history of the '07 Class, we all hope that the following classes will make this school and everything connected with it as near a success as we have tried to make it. We feel that in the four years we have been here our school has gradually and surely gone ahead. As graduates we shall always watch your progress with interest, feeling sure the school will turn out young men with well trained brains and hands, backed up with well developed characters. —J. L. MASSON, '07.

'08 CLASS HISTORY.

On the twenty-seventh of July, 1904, fifty-two or so little tots were standing in front of the office window waiting for their locker keys. Each one had a two-bit piece in his little hand as a deposit for his key. What a fine combination of heads and feet they were! They soon organized their class, however, and as first President elected Mr. Bruce Douglas, a country lad, who proved to be one of the best athletes our school has had. He held records for the fifty and hundred yard dash, but did not stay with us long, leaving in his second year. Spike Woodward was the second and last President the class had. He also left school.

The class has been very poorly organized since then, but nevertheless they have worked hard, both in athletics and in studies.

The first two years saw nothing but success in the athletic line, winning the inter-class baseball championship both years. They were represented by Merchant, Woodward and Stafford in our first league football team, and there are four naught-eight boys playing on this year's baseball team. Roy Willison, Wing and Dallas are distinguished track men from the '08 Class.

The majority of this class are taking the architectural course, and that their time is not all taken with athletics is proven by the work done in the drawing department. Taken as a whole they have done their part towards bringing the school to the front.

—G. HOLL, '08.

HISTORY OF '09 CLASS.

In August, 1905, the first meeting of the freshmen was called by Mr. Brewer and the Class of 1909 was officially organized.

Freeman Smith was elected the first President, and Cliff, Vice-President, with Harris for Secretary.

In athletics we have forged rapidly ahead, till now we are in the front rank. Our first track meet was held in the spring of '06, with the Lick Freshmen. The score came our way, with a big majority to spare. The next meet came in the fall of '06. This was also with the Lick Freshmen. This time the tables were turned and the score just reversed. Nothing else was done in athletics, although several meets were arranged, till the spring of '07. This time it was the inter-department field day. Our team easily carried the day, being thirty points ahead of second place. On the 29th of April, another meet was held with the Lowell, '09. It proved to be a closely contested field day, ending, however, in our favor by a majority of seven points. The present school track team has six men, including Baumbaugh, the school track captain, who are '09 men. Three school records are also held by '09 men. The '09 Class is also well represented on the present baseball team. There were also several on the football team.

The Class of 1909 has also entered into the social life of the school. We have had several pleasant excursions, the most noted having been the one to Tamalpais last fall.

Summing everything up, we are proud to say that the Class of 1909 will, when it has graduated, be able to say, "We have at least done some good toward the advancement of Wilmerding."

—FRANK CLIFF, '09.

'10 CLASS HISTORY.

Once, not long ago in that fateful year 1906, there came to the Wilmerding School a new class.

At first it was a game of "follow the leader," because no one knew where to go; one of our largest fellows grew bold and asked where we went for the first period. He received a short answer, which scared the whole crowd into silence; no one dared ask again. It was with a sigh of relief that we followed a teacher into the English room to get our first instructions.

The big fellows stood around and called us "Scrubs", "Freshies", and "Babies", but we were a wise bunch, the '10 Class. We watched the upper classmen and learned the ins and outs of high school life.

We had not been at Wilmerding very long before that timid feeling left us. Some one grew very bold and called a class meeting in which the officers were unanimously elected because no one had the courage to nominate a second candidate.

Our class showed what was in them by contributing to every branch of athletics, and we have a representative on the staff of our school paper.

'10 is now a bold class; we enter all school activities, we are loyal to our class, and, above all, are loyal to our school. —VAN TREES, '10.

SCHOOL

NOTES

SHOP NOTES.

Once more we find everybody busy trying to finish up all work on hand before vacation. In the Architectural Department all are working hard, but none more so than are the boys of the Senior Class.

Chris. Hilliard and W. Rowe are both busy finishing up their class A buildings. They are also working on plans for the new Wilmerding School building.

Shawhan and George Sohst are working hard to complete their class C buildings before the term closes.

R. Willison and Essmann are both planning suburban residences, while Vitt, Dallas, Wing and Merchant are busy on flats.

John Willison, having completed his suburban plans, is now busy on shades and shadows, while George Holl is completing a sheet of perspective.

The Bricklaying Department has been slightly handicapped this last quarter, owing to the bad weather; but even under this difficulty a great deal has been accomplished.

The Utah street side of the new building is complete up to the first floor. Six of the jack-arches are finished and work has been started on the Sixteenth street side.

Several of the class are busy breaking up old bricks and stones to make concrete for the floor of the building adjoining the headquarters of the Fire Department. Several more of the boys are working on a smelting furnace.

Mr. Flood is having his troubles in trying to mix the mortar without lumps or rocks in it.

The Bricklaying Department now has about thirty boys at work.

One of the busiest shops in the school is the Cabinet Shop. A look into the finishing room will show the amount of work that has been done, for it is full of chairs, book-cases and tables of all kinds.

Several of the boys are working on music cabinets and piano stools. Among these are McKnew, Becker, and Baumbaugh, while Norberg has just completed a neat drawing cabinet.

Asselena and Fulton are finishing up small tables and Belcher is completing a large pine book-case.

Dykemans is working on Architects' desks and benches.

There is not much to say about the carpenters, except that they are all working hard. The older boys, who are not working in the shop, are spending their time over at the entertainment hall, in the relief camp. Here they are learning the ins and outs of the shingling business.

Bailey, Dapelo and Drewes are all at work on tool chests, while Franz has just completed a combination writing and drawing desk for our band master, "Dutch" Holl.

Lieb is making arches for the new building, and has already finished up several.

The Electrical Department has, since last quarter, undergone a change of teachers. Mr. Felt, the former instructor, has taken a position with the Woodruff Construction Company, as head electrician. Mr. Dodge, the new teacher, has been connected with the Union Iron Works, and is a practical, all-round electrician. Part of the work Mr. Dodge has mapped out for next term will consist of bell work, burglar alarm work, gas lighting, telephones, dynamo and motor work.

Masson, Braunagle, Cliff, Flamm and Fredson are finishing up the wiring in the entertainment hall in the Relief Camp. Gillespie and Arms are putting in a conduit from the engine room to the top floor of the new Lick annex, while Demeritt and Nicholls are wiring our own building.

Mr. Merrill has promised to have the harness makers out by June, and as soon as they have gone, a lot of new machinery will be installed.

The need of our Forge Shop is greatly felt among the boys, as there are many from the Architectural and other departments who have not taken that work yet. As the Fire Department's building is not yet started, it is likely we are to have them with us for another year. At present, Flinn is the only Wilmerding student who is taking Forge work at Lick. Because of the crowded conditions there, no more of our boys could be taken in.

Among the Plumbers all is hustle and bustle. Some of the advanced boys are plumbing the new lavatory addition in Lick School, while several others are plumbing the entertainment hall.

Recently the more advanced boys visited the Merchants' Exchange Building for the purpose of seeing the plumbing. The Durham system is being installed. Mr. Knipe, Fred Knipe's father, is master plumber and, under his guidance, the boys had a very good chance to see how such things are done in large buildings.

FREEHAND DEPARTMENT

PLUMBING DEPARTMENT

On February 28th, the most spirited rally ever held in the school took place in the English room. All the speeches made, dealt principally on athletics. Merchant, Captain of the baseball team, told how the players needed new suits, as the old ones were too small. A committee was appointed to collect money for the new suits. Mr. Wood, Miss Edwards, and Mr. Brewer spoke about athletics in general. Hilliard and Braunagle about the chances of the basket ball team in winning the championship. Baumbaugh and Willison then spoke on track and urged the new boys to get out and try to do something. George Holl and the band rendered some fine selections, which were enjoyed by all present. After the rally the boys were allowed to go home for the day.

On March 12th, a rally was held in the basement, to cheer the basket ball team on to victory. After a few remarks by Willison, all the players on the team were called upon for speeches. They told of our chance of beating Lowell, and of the rooting of our boys at the Poly-Wilmerding game.

Messrs. Brewer and Wallen also had a few words to say to encourage the team. Moore then had the boys practice some school yells.

March 19th, an auction was held in the basement for the benefit of the bandmen, who need caps. The W. S. I. A. Camera Club kindly donated pictures, which were auctioned off. These pictures were of distinguished members of the school or of the shops. There was some very spirited bidding between the boys and teachers for some of the pictures. The auction was a complete success. "Mick" Willison and "Swede" Wallen were the Hebrew auctioneers.

March 21st, a meeting of the Student Body was called by President J. Willison. It was both a meeting of the Student Body and a rally.

Mr. Wood was the first speaker, and he spoke about the discipline of the boys around the building and grounds. Jacob, as chairman of the committee on collecting for the baseball suits, complained of the poor support the boys were giving him. Bassett, as chairman of the board of control, spoke about the business done by the board. Among them was that the band had been recognized as a student activity.

Wallen and Young spoke on the "Wilmerding Life." After the talk on the paper, the meeting was thrown over to a rally. Captain Merchant explained to the boys once more the need of new suits and a coach. Mr. Brewer was next called upon, and he praised the boys for the fine game they played against Lick. Others called upon for remarks were Grinsell, on baseball; Baumbaugh, on track, and De Merritt, for swimming. The meeting adjourned after the practice of a few yells.

Tuesday, April 9th, a rally was held in honor of the baseball team, which was doing fine work and making rapid progress toward the championship. None of the speakers were on the team, but were students who have been here quite a while. These speakers told how Wilmerding had come up in athletics during the last few years. Mr. Merrill explained how a boy must be up in his studies to compete in athletics. Mr. Wood spoke on the advantages of athletics. The others to speak on this subject were Messrs. Brewer, Hilliard, Bassett, Wallen, Young, De Merritt, and Moore.

April 17th, a meeting of the Student Body was called for the purpose of electing a new editor and business manager for the "Wilmerding Life" for the following year. Flinn was elected Editor, and Wallen, Manager.

BASE-BALL
SPRINTING.
FOOT-BALL
THE HURDLES
BASKET-BALL
SHOT-PUT
THE SUNNY SIDE OF WILMERDING LIFE.

THE ·ALUMNI·

We have been able to discover the whereabout of several of the old members of the school, and the line of business they are engaged in. News of the old students is something we are all interested in.

Fred Knipe has quit school and joined the Plumbers' Helpers' Union. He is now working for Snook & Company.

Ernest Shafer is running a tin shop in San Diego.

Kelly has joined the Stove Fitters' Union and is working here in the city.

"Doc" Keyes is working in the architect office of Mr. Schultz, on Mission street.

R. Schwartzlose is draughting for a terra cotta firm in South San Francisco.

"Dutch" Heidenreich has joined the Union and, with Hollmann, is working for Walker Bros., laying brick.

Girot is learning the stone-cutting business.

"Farmer" Jansen has been working at the carpenter business in Portland.

Watkins is a drummer for Thurman & Watkins.

Beersmann, Marston and Jorst are draughting for a leading architect in San Francisco.

"Bob" Easely is working for B. E. Remmel.

George Young has left school to go on a surveying trip in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Milton Clarke, ex-'06, is an estimator for a large construction company in this city.

Mark Larkin is on the art staff of the San Francisco "Call."

Harkness is working for the Western Electrical Co.

"Doc" Ipswitch is carpentering in this city.

"Pop" Layng is working for Mr. Lyons, and recently drew up the plans for the new Columbia Park Boys' Club building.

Lowenstein, ex-'09, is working for his father, in Redwood.

"Ike" Harris, ex-'09, is a steward on the City of Puebla, which runs between here and Seattle.

SUB-LEAGUE CHAMPION-SHIP
POLLY
AH! THERE, ME MAJESTY
DOGSWELL
LOWELL
LICK
SACRED HEART
KING WILMERDING

Those now in school who are entitled to wear the block "W" are as follows:

FOOTBALL

Hanley
Spring
Layng
Gillis
Trowbridge
Woodward
Stafford
Arend
Braunegal
J. Willison
Lieb
Holl
Merchant

TRACK

Klein
Baumbaugh
J. Willison
R. Willison
De Font
Wing
Ashley

BASEBALL

Trowbridge
Braunegal
Grinsell
Merchant
Orr
Vitt
Miller
R. Willison
Batchelder
Hanley
Becker
Stromberg

SWIMMING

Chapman

BASKETBALL

Braunegal
Baumbaugh
Berg
Hilliard
Stadfeld
Surrhyne
Trowbridge
Patterson

J. M. Brewer

Dedication to Mr. Brewer, the promoter of Athletics and the Champion of Right. This department is dedicated by his friends — the appreciative students.

ATHLETICS

Basket Ball Teaw

BASKET BALL.

The basket ball squad started practice in the early part of the term under Captain Braunagle and Manager Hilliard, in the settlement club's gymnasium.

A large squad turned out at first and competition was keen for each place on the team.

COLUMBIA PARK CLUB 25, WILMERDING 25.

Our first game was played with the Columbia Park Boys' Club. They proved a great deal stronger than we anticipated. Jack Lavell, our last year's captain, played a star game for the Columbias, making the majority of their points. The game ended with two score books showing different scores, and the game was called a tie.

SPARTAINS 18, WILMERDING 19.

An exciting game was played with the Spartains in their gymnasium. The game was close from start to finish. Our boys had the better team work and should have won by a larger score.

WILMERDING 2, POLYTECHNIC 0.

The first League game was to be played with Poly, March 1st. All arrangements had been made and tickets sold; we were then informed about two hours before the game that they could not play us, and intended to default. The game was ours by the score of 2 to 0.

The next game took place between Lowell and Lick, in which Lowell defeated Lick by the overwhelming score of 50 to 2. This left Lowell and Wilmerding to fight it out for the championship.

LOWELL 35, WILMERDING 27.

On March 12th, we played Lowell for the Sub-League championship. The game was exciting from start to finish, and all through was marked by brilliant plays and spectacular throws on both sides. Patterson, our best forward, had to be taken out after the first half. This somewhat weakened our team. The score at the end was 35 to 27 in Lowell's favor, but this does not really show how close the game was. The largest crowd of the season witnessed the game and they were kept on their feet during the entire forty minutes

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Lowell.
Patterson	Forward	Noble
Stadfelt	Forward	Hammer
Hilliard	Center	Massie
Braunagle	Guard	Jones
Trowbridge	Guard	Komo
Baumbaugh	Guard	

WILMERDING 38, LICK 8.

The final League game was played between Wilmerding and Lick, March 15th, and ended in an easy victory for our team. The Lick showed great improvement over the form they showed in the Lowell game, but were unable to stop the accurate passing and goal throwing of our team.

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Lick.
Braunagle	Forward	Muheim
Stadfelt	Forward	Gardiner
Hilliard	Center	Worth
Trowbridge	Guard	Blume
Baumbaugh	Guard	Eaton

SAN MATEO HIGH 18, WILMERDING 17.

On Thursday evening, March 21st, we played the team of the San Mateo High School in San Mateo. Both Patterson and Stadfelt were delayed by the cars and did not arrive until the game was nearly over. Our band accompanied the team and gave a concert on the car going down.

We were entertained by the young ladies of the high school, after the game, with a supper and dance. The boys came home with pleasant memories of the San Mateo High School, all vowing they had one of the finest times of their lives.

SPARTAINS 30, WILMERDING 27.

On April 29th, we took part in a basket ball tournament at the Y. M. H. A. We played the Spartains and were defeated by the score of 30 to 27. At the end of the first half the score stood 17 to 10 in our favor. At the beginning of the second half we made two goals in quick succession; after this our boys showed lack of training, it being the first game in over a month, and our opponents threw goals at will.

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Spartains.
Patterson	Forward	Welfield
Stadfelt	Forward	Jackobs
Hilliard	Center	Wilson
Baumbaugh	Guard	Cohen
Braunagle	Guard	Carter

The League team stood as follows at the end of the Sub-League:

Name.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Lowell	3	0	1000
Wilmerding	2	1	666
Lick	1	2	333
Polytechnic	0	3	000

At the beginning of the season a great deal was expected of the Wilmerding basket ball team, with three of last year's team and some fine new material. Our boys were expected to win the League, but we were unable to get a gymnasium of any size to practice in, and at no time during the whole season did we have our full team in the field. Stadfelt, who started the season with great promise of becoming a star, was injured in the early part of the season and had to be out of it for several weeks. Then Patterson, Braunagle and Hilliard were laid up in turn. Lowell developed unexpected strength, and when we played them we were in the poorest condition of the whole season, Patterson getting up out of a sick bed and playing; he had to be "taken out" after the first half, but deserves great credit for the gameness he showed. Braunagle played with an injured knee and Hilliard was just getting over a recent illness.

Base Ball Team

BASEBALL.

The baseball squad started the season under our coach, Mr. Hennessey. A smaller squad than usual turned out for the team; only four of last year's team remained in school and our chances were anything but bright.

But due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Hennessey, who played on professional teams for several years and is about as good a coach as can be found anywhere, the best material in the squad was picked out and placed at their regular positions. Trowbridge and Girot were placed under special instruction by Mr. Hennessey to do the pitching; both boys had previous experience, Trowbridge pitching for San Jose High School and Girot pitching for several amateur teams of this city.

The first game was played against St. Ignatius College; this was chiefly as a try-out for the members of our team. The College Boys won by the score of 6 to 2.

Our boys had several chances to win the game, but each time they were unable to make the necessary hit.

After this game, Mr. Hennessey gave the boys special instructions in batting and the big improvement in the next games again showed Mr. Hennessey's good work.

Mr. Buckley then volunteered his services as assistant coach, and, with his help, Mr. Hennessey had more time to spend with the in-field.

WILMERDING 4, LICK 2.

The first game of the Sub-League took place at the Ingleside grounds Friday, March 22d, between Lick and our team. It was expected to be an easy victory for Lick; they had defeated our team for the last three years and intended to do the same this year, but our coach's work had not been in vain.

The game was exciting from start to finish. Trowbridge pitched rings around the Lick batters, striking out twelve men who were considered sluggers, and he seemed almost invincible when Lick had men on bases.

Bell, the Tiger pitcher, did good work for Lick, but the Wilmerding boys managed to hit when they had men on bases.

Our boys won by better, all-around playing. This victory came as a surprise to the other high schools, as the league was supposed to be between Lick and Sacred Heart College.

The line-up was as follows:

Wilmerding.		Lick.
Grincell	Catcher	Graft
Trowbridge	Pitcher	Bell
Merchant	First base	Acton
Braunagle	Second base	Rubke
Orr	Third base	Gay
Vitt	Shortstop	Deering
Hanley	Center field	Muheim
Stromberg	Right field	Mitchell
Willison	Left field	Gallagher

WILMERDING 7, POLYTECHNIC 0.

The second League game was played with Polytechnic on the St. Mary's College grounds. Our boys shut them out by the score of 7 to 0. The features of the game were the pitching of Trowbridge, who struck out twelve men, and the batting and base running of the whole team. Grinsell was also very much in the game; he did not allow a stolen base during the whole game.

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Polytechnic.
Grinsell	Catcher	Hays
Trowbridge	Pitcher	Cereghurs
Merchant	First base	Korbel
Braunagle	Second base	Cordtz
Orr	Third base	Werle
Vitt	Shortstop	Rocco
Miller, Becker	Right field	Singleton
R. Willison	Center field	Matziderc
Hanley	Left field	Roncoveri

April 13th, according to the League schedule, was the day set for Wilmerding to play Sacret Heart. The standing of the teams stood as follows:

Name	Won	Lost	Per cent.
Wilmerding	2	0	1000
Sacred Heart	2	0	1000
Polytechnic	1	2	330
Cogswell	0	1	000
Lowell	0	1	000
Lick	0	1	000

This game was for first place in the League, as can be seen.

The game was played on the St. Mary's College grounds and was one of the finest games ever played between two high schools in the history of the Academic League.

The Wilmerding boys made two runs in the early part of the game and Sacred Heart tied the score in the ninth.

Then both teams struggled on for six extra innings, both unable to send a man across the plate until the fifteenth, when Trowbridge, the first man up, knocked out a two-bagger; a sacrifice landed him on third, with one out, then an in-field hit by Braunagle brought in the winning run.

Too much credit cannot be given Trowbridge, our pitcher, for it was due to both his pitching and hitting ability that we won the game.

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Sacred Heart.
Grinsell	Catcher	Smith
Trowbridge	Pitcher	McCarty
Merchant	First base	Doran
Braunagle	Second base	Sullivan
Orr	Third base	Shirma
Vitt	Shortstop	Butler
Stromberg	Right field	Burke

R. Willison . . . . . Center field . . . . . Kelley
Hanley . . . . . Left field . . . . . Bohun

WILMERDING 14, ST. MATHEWS 6.

In a practice game our boys easily defeated St. Mathew's Academy by the score of 14 to 6, batting the St. Mathew's pitcher out of the box.

The line-up is as follows:

Wilmerding.		St. Mathews.
Grinsell	Catcher	Fredrichs
Trowbridge	Pitcher	Patterson
Merchant	First base	Stephen, W.
Braunagle	Second base	Kruger
Orr	Third base	De Fremon
Vitt	Shortstop	Arneill
Becker	Right field	Adler
Hanley	Left field	Stephen, F.
R. Willison	Center field	Gregory

WILMERDING 6, COGSWELL 0.

On April 20th, we were pitted against the team representing the Cogswell Polytechnic College. The game was played at Freeman's Park, and was exciting from start to finish. Our in-field made many good plays. Lack of experience and the inability to hit the ball safely lost them the game.

The teams lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Cogswell.
Grinsell	Catcher	Godfrey
Trowbridge	Pitcher	Hollis
Merchant	First base	Mitchell
Braunagle	Second base	Coddington, F.
Orr	Third base	Shaerer
Vitt	Shortstop	Butler
Hanley	Left field	Blood
Willison	Center field	Daniels
Becker	Right field	Coddington, A.

WILMERDING 10, LOWELL 1.

Our last game of the Sub-League was with Lowell High, which took place at Ingleside April 27th.

They started off like winners; a base on balls and a two-base hit put men on second and third. The next Lowell man up went out with an easy in-field fly, then Trowbridge struck the next two out and their chance to score was gone.

Our boys won by hitting Knouaker, the Lowell pitcher, hard and often. The final score was 10 to 1.

This was the final Sub-League game. We had now San Jose to beat before playing in the finals.

The players lined up as follows:

Wilmerding.		Lowell.
Grinsell	Catcher	Hammer
Trowbridge	Pitcher	Knouaker
Merchant	First base	Hyer
Braunagle	Second base	Raphael
Orr	Third base	Boyd
Vitt	Shortstop	McAulay
Hanley	Left field	McClousky
Willison	Center field	Cowden
Miller	Right field	Jones

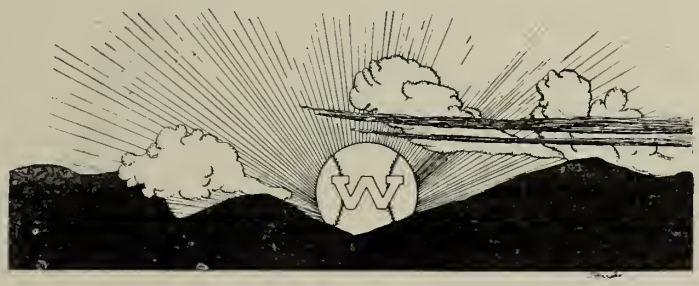
The semi-final baseball game was played on the University of California diamond, on May 11th. San Jose High School sent up a confident nine, but our team won out, by a score of 7 to 3. The game was well played by both teams.

The final game took place at the same place two weeks later, May 25th. Alameda High School was our opponent, and defeated us after eleven innings of splendid baseball. Our team played well, and it seemed our game at times, but a home-run in the eleventh ended our hopes for the cup. It has been a great season for the team, however, and all the school feels proud of its good record.

A great deal of fun is now going on in the oval, as the inter-class tournament is going on at noontime and after school. It is ragged baseball, but it gives some new fellows a chance to show what is in them. 1909 took the first game from 1907,—score, 21 to 10.

A banquet was held May 29th, at which past managers and captains and the baseball team of 1907 were present.

Chas. Grinsell was elected Captain for 1908.



Cross Country Team

TRACK.

The track season started with the A. A. L. cross-country run, which took place Friday, February 22. For several days previous it had rained, and the course was not in the best condition.

There were 49 entries, representing about 15 schools. The points were to be counted as the men finished,—the first man to finish would make 49 points for his school; the second 48, and so on.

Hartwell, of Oakland High, won the race, covering the five miles in the very fast time of ..... Lester Thompson, of Lick, was second.

Of our own team Roy Willison was eighth, making 41 points; J. Willison was twelfth, making 37 points; L. Wing was fourteenth, making 35 points; Ashley was twentieth, making 29 points, and De Fount was twenty-fifth, making 24 points.

Lick came first, with 199 points; Wilmerding, second, with 146 points; Oakland, third,

with 124 points; Centerville, fourth, with 108 points; Cogswell, fifth, with 99 points; Berkeley, sixth, with 77 points; Lowell, seventh, with 70 points; Polytechnic, eighth, with 69 points; San Jose, ninth, with 40 points; Sacred Heart, tenth, with 31 points; Commercial, eleventh, with 30 points.

Although our team did not win the race, they deserve the highest praise, for the fine showing they made, if we realize they were up against teams that were considered the fastest in the state. Each member ran a splendid race and all showed that they had trained hard and faithfully. De Fount and Ashley, who were taking part for the first time in a large meet, gained much praise for themselves.

The Inter-department Field Day took place February 21, on our track. The day was won by the architects, with 47 points. Baumbaugh broke the school record in the broad jump, and Grinsell broke the low hurdle record.

The final score was: Arch., 47; Brick., 38; Cab., 18; Carp., 17; Elec., 6.

Baumbaugh broke the broad jump record, with a jump of 20′ 2½″. Grinsell broke the low hurdle record, doing the 120 yards in 16 seconds.

The school did not enter a full team in the Stanford or Academic Field Days. Captain Baumbaugh made a fine showing in each, getting second in the broad jump in the former, and second in the broad, and tie for second in the high jump in the latter.

The Inter-class Field Day took place Friday, April 19, on our track.

Baumbaugh showed himself the best all-around man in school, getting first place in six events and second in another, making a total of 33 points. J. Willison broke the shot-put record, with a throw of 41 feet, and Kline broke the pole vault record with a jump of 10 feet 2½ inches.

The Field Day was won by '09, with 61 points; '07 was second, with 39 points; and the Freshmen third, with 18 points. '08 failed to enter a team. Those who took places were as follows:

50-yard dash.—First, Baumbaugh, '09, time 6 seconds; second, J. Willison, '07; third, Hilliard, '07.

100-yard dash.—First, Baumbaugh, '09, time 11 3/5 seconds; second, J. Willison, '07; third, Cliff, '09.

220-yard dash.—First, Ashley, '09, time 26 seconds; second, Burke, '10; third, Hilliard, '07.

440-yard dash.—First, Ashley, '09, time 59 seconds; second, Burke, '10; third, Fervin, '10.

880-yard dash.—First, Ashley, '09, time 2 minutes 25 seconds; second, J. Willison, '07; third, Franz, '09.

Mile run.—First, Skelley, '09, time 5 minutes 3 2/5 seconds; second, Kammeyer, '09; third, Baumberger, '10.

Low hurdles.—First, Baumbaugh, '09, time 16 2/5 seconds; second, J. Willison, '07; third, Wallen, '07.

High hurdles.—First, Baumbaugh, '09, time 7 seconds; second, J. Willison, '07; third, Cliff, '09.

Shot-put.—First, J. Willison, '07, 41 feet; second, Kline, '07; third, Demeritt, '09.

Track Team

MODESTO 64, WILMERDING 47.

On Friday afternoon, twelve boys representing our track team left the city for Modesto, on the longest trip ever taken by any team in our school, to take part in a track meet with the High School of that town. A large delegation of students were at the depot to meet us, and escort us to our hotel. The rest of the evening we were shown some of the town by our able Manager, "Mick" Willison, who used to live in Modesto, and seemed to know everybody in town.

The Field Day took place Saturday afternoon, before a large crowd on the High School's cinder path.

Our team was badly weakened in the sprints by the absence of Grinsell and Vitt, and Demeritt could easily add four points to our score in the hammer and shot, if he had been allowed to compete. The score ended 64 to 47 in Modesto's favor. This is not so bad, when we consider that this school has never been defeated in a dual meet, having defeated such large schools as Berkeley, Lowell, and Oakland, and our team scored the largest number of points that was ever scored against them on their track.

J. Willison, of our team, finished first in the hurdles, but was disqualified for knocking down the last hurdle.

The events were as follows:

50-yard dash.—First, Carpenter (M.), time 5 3/5 seconds; second, Campbell (M.); third, Dallas (W.).

100-yard dash.—First, Carpenter (M.), time 10 2/5 seconds; second, Campbell (M.); third, Dallas (W.).

220-yard dash.—First, Carpenter (M.), time 24 4-5 seconds; second, Schoemake (M.); third, Dallas (W.).

440-yard dash.—First, Ashley (W.), time 55 4/5 seconds; second, Finney (M.); third, Hilliard (W.).

880-yard dash.—First, R. Willison (W.), time 2 minutes 17 4/5 seconds; second, Schoemake (M.); third, Wing (W.).

Mile run.—First, R. Willison, Wing; third, Ogden.

120-yard hurdles.—First, Ogden (M.), time 18 1/5 seconds; second, Baumbaugh (W.); third, Finney (M.).

Pole vault.—First, Baumbaugh, Kline, J. Willison, 10 feet 1½ inches.

Shot-put.—First, High (M.), 44 feet 6 inches; second, Kline (W.); third, Finney (M.).

High jump.—First, Kline (W.), Campbell (M.), 5 feet 6½ inches; third, Finney (M.).

Broad jump.—First, Baumbaugh (W.), 20 feet 3½ inches; second, Carpenter (M.); third, J. Willison (W.).

Hammer.—Wheeler (M.), 145 feet 3 inches; second, Carpenter (M.); third, J. Willison (W.).

One-mile relay won by Modesto.

Swimming Team

SAN FRANCISCO FIELD DAY.

On Saturday, May 11th, the San Francisco Field Day took place on the University of California cinder path. The attendance was rather poor, on account of the car strike, but those who attended were treated to a day of record-breaking performances.

Five records were broken. Golcher broke the 220-yard record, running it in 23 2/5 seconds. Hupp broke the record in the low hurdles, his time being 27 3/5 seconds. Bell put the shot, 45 feet 10½ inches, and threw the hammer 146 feet 4½ inches. Bressi broke the high-jump record, with a jump of 5 feet 7½ inches.

Lick won the day, with 63½; Wilmerding second, with 32 2/3; Lowell third, with 32; Cogswell fourth, with 20 5/6; Mission fifth, with 14, and Commercial last, with 2.

Those who made points for Wilmerding were as follows:

Kline, 9 1/3; Baumbaugh, 7; J. Willison, 6 1/3; Demeritt, 3; Ashley, 2; Wing, 1. Relay team, Ashley, Hilliard, Berg, R. Willison, J. Willison, Dallas, 4.

WILMERDING 86, LOWELL 33.

Wednesday, April 24, we met Lowell in a dual meet on our track and gave them the most overwhelming defeat in the history of their school.

All the races were closely contested, and the field day was exciting from start to finish.

Grinsell broke the record in the low hurdles, and Roy Willison tied his brother's record in the half-mile.

Baumbaugh again proved to be the star, making 21 points. J. Willison made 18 points, and Roy Willison won the half, and mile, with a fine sprint at the finishes of each.

The following took places:

High hurdles.—First, Baumbaugh (W.), time 7 4/5 seconds; second, J. Willison (W.); third, Mitchell (L.).

Low hurdles.—First, Grinsell (W.), time 15 3/5 seconds; second, Baumbaugh (W.); third, J. Willison (W.).

High jump.—First and second, tie, Baumbaugh (W.), J. Willison (W.), 5 feet; third, Hammer (L.).

Broad jump.—First, Baumbaugh (W.), 19 feet 8 inches; second, J. Willison (W.); third, Hammer (L.).

Pole vault.—First, second and third, Baumbaugh (W.), J. Willison (W.), I. De Fount (W.), 7 feet.

Shot-put.—First, Demeritt (W.), 40 feet 6 inches; second, Massie (L.); third, J. Willison (W.).

Relay.—Wilmerding, 1 minute 46 seconds.

50-yard dash.—First, Reed (L.); second, McHenry (L.); third, Baumbaugh (W.).

100-yard dash.—First, Reed (L.), time 11 2/5 seconds; second, Grinsell (W.); third, McHenry (L.).

220-yard dash.—First, Reed (L.), time 25 2/5 seconds; second, Baumbaugh (W.); third, Dallas (W.).

440-yard dash.—First, Ashley (W.), time 60 seconds; second, Hammer (L.); third, McRea (L.).

Half-mile dash.—First, R. Willison (W.), time 2 minutes 18 4/5 seconds; second, J. Willison (W.); third, Maundrell (L.).

Mile dash.—First, R. Willison (W.), time 5 minutes 33 seconds; second, McAllister (L.); third, Baumberger (W.).

The school records are as follows. The star denotes records made this year.

Records on our track:

* 50-yard dash, 5 3/5 seconds, B. Dallas.
100-yard dash, 11 2/5 seconds, F. Braunagle, P. Shaffer, B. Douglas.
220-yard dash, 26 seconds, F. Daniels.
440-yard dash, 58 4/5 seconds, J. Willison.
880-yard dash, 2 minutes 18 2/5 seconds, J. Willison.
One-mile run, 4 minutes 51 2/5 seconds, W. Heidenreich.
Two-mile run, 11 minutes 18 seconds, W. Barkley.
* 120-yard low hurdles, 15 1/5 seconds, P. Baumbaugh.
Half-mile relay (6 men), 1 minute 44 2/5 seconds.
One-mile relay (6 men), 3 minutes 52 2/5 seconds.
* 50-yard high hurdles, 7 seconds, O. Baumbaugh.
100-yard low hurdles, 13 seconds, J. Walton.
High jump, 5 feet 5 4/5 inches, J. Willison.
Broad jump, 20 feet 2½ inches, O. Baumbaugh.
* Pole vault, 10 feet 2½ inches, C. Klein.
* Shot-put, 41 feet 6 inches, J. Willison.
Hammer throw, 122 feet 6 inches, J. Willison.

The above records were made on our own track, which is eleven laps to the mile. The following are records made on larger track:

220-yard dash, 25 seconds, B. Tully.
One-mile relay (6-man team), 3 minutes 47 seconds.
220-yard low hurdles, 29 3/5 seconds, J. Walton.
120-yard high hurdles, 19 3/5 seconds, A. Knickerbocker.
880-yard dash, 2 minutes 10 1/5 seconds, J. Willison.
440-yard dash, 55 seconds, J. Willison.
* Broad jump, 20 feet 6 inches, O. Baumbaugh.

FOOTBALL.

Our last year's football team was perhaps the best that ever represented the school; they went through the entire season with the loss of only one game. This game, however, was the final game with Lick for the Sub. League championship. The game was won by Lick, by the score of 16 to 0, and was a big disappointment to our boys.

The first game was played with Hitchcock, and was an easy victory for Wilmerding. The next game was played with Centerville, and resulted in a 0-to-0 score. Our boys had the ball in their possession most of the game, and easily outplayed the other team. Centerville, after this, won the A. A. L. championship.

The next game was played with Fruitvale High School. The game was won by our team, by the score of 12 to 0.

Fruitvale failed to gain their yards once during the whole game.

The next game was with St. Matthews, the score being 0 to 0. The ball was in our possession during most of the game, but we were unable to make a touchdown.

Lowell then defaulted to us in our first league game.

Then we received our setback at the hands of Lick. The team then disbanded, after hearing that Healdsburg could not play our annual Thanksgiving game.

Mr. J. McDonough of U. C., '06, coached the team and kept the squad working the

whole time they were on the field, and a great part of our success was due to his good work.

The squad was composed of the following boys:

Captain Braunagle, Trowbridge, halves.

Merchant, full.

Layng, Hanley, quarters.

Willison, Lieb, Hilliard, ends.

Woodward, Gillao, Springs, tackles.

Mark Larkin

MARK LARKIN

The Wilmering Life takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Larkin ex'07 for the loyal way in which he has supported "The Life". His helpful suggestions have done much to make the book what it is now and we hope he may have as much success in his outside work as we have had in working with him.

EXCHANGES

EXCHANGES.

"The Normal Pennant," San Jose. The March issue of your paper is fine, your arrangement is very good, and the material shows careful preparation. "My Students," by Mr. Bland, shows that he loves his work. A "Story of the Fatherland" has the touch of reality which makes the story interesting. The moral of "Victoria's Awakening" is a good one. There are lots of people who would be much happier if they would study themselves and the people around them. "School Activities" is a well written editorial. The "Notes" of the different organizations and departments of the school give a clear picture of the school life at the "Normal." A good thing about the jokes is that they are of interest to everybody, and also that there are not many taken from exchanges.

"The Red and Blue" of Sach's Institute, N. Y., has a good cover design. "Jimmy, Trust Breaker," gives a good idea of part of the life of a newsboy in a large city. In "A Football Hero," the author endeavors to show the grim side of the game. "Poor John" is a good three-act tragedy, because it portrays the typical eastern skating fiend. "Kimmie" is without doubt the best of your stories. An Oriental Scene is very interesting and instructive. In the remainder of the paper your cuts, notes, and especially the length of the Exchange column, are good.

"The Pedestal," Walla Walla, Wash. You should try to make your paper a little more attractive by getting a cover of heavier paper than the rest of the book and by having a few more good cuts. At the bottom of the page just before the Editorial page, you have "ads." where you could have put a cut to better advantage.

"The Sotoyoman," Healdsburg, Calif. The stories, "Their Honeymoon" and "His Last Story," are very good, the interest being constantly kept up. In "How Tim Found Employment," where Tim, after having returned the "five spot" and was going away, is called back by the lady, there is something disappointing in the climax. The "Autobiography of a Pencil" is pretty good. The description of Moscow is interesting and instructive. A few more jokes next time, also put the "Table of Contents" on a separate page, and the paper will be more attractive and have a less crowded look.

"Cosmos," Zanesville, Ohio. "The First Day's Battle at Gettysburg" gives a very clear description of the country around Gettysburg; the movements of both armies are also closely and interestingly followed. The cover design is very appropriate, but why not? print the name of the school and the town the paper represents? You have notes that sound very foolish; for instance, "Why Did Minnie Laugh?" or "Don't Hurt the Baby." You have a "Joke" department. Do you intend your "School Notes" to be jokes?

"The Review," Sacramento, Calif., is still at the top of the ladder for good cartoons. Your "Joshes" heading is pretty good, only there are not enough jokes.

The Girls' Edition of the "Lowell," San Francisco, is very well gotten up. The story "Redcoats" pictures an ambitious young army officer so well that his actions can almost be seen and in the end we feel like saying to him, "Hard luck, old fellow." Another place where we would feel like extending our sympathies would be to "Bob", in "Bob's Choice."

"The Spectator," Johnstown, Pa. You could make your paper better looking by You certainly have a lot of good short stories, but you are lacking in the number of jokes.

---

having a few cuts or drawings of some sort. You comment on some of the Exchange columns of other papers as being good; your own is very good.

"Echo," Nashville, Tenn. You could put out a better paper by publishing less often and by charging a little more for it, so as to be able to get some cuts. In publishing your paper less often you would get a chance to accumulate material from which you could pick out the best. From the above, please don't take it that we belong to "hammer bearers."

"Bell," San Jose. Your cover design is very attractive and significant; there is but one thing lacking to it and that is the name of the school and town. "The Electric Sun" has something very mysterious about it, the illusion of the songless birds and the odorless flowers and the noiseless inhabitants which were not visible in person. Georgia must have felt very sore, after having played the part of "A Feminine Sherlock Holmes" almost to a finish, to get buncoed. She could not be blamed if she lost her faith in men. "Bell," your editorials are good and should arouse your student body, if nothing else will. The capital letters at the beginning of each story are good and add to the looks of the paper.

"The Sentinel," Harvard School, Los Angeles, Calif. The April edition has a very nice cover. The biggest part of your paper is given to sports. You have quite a few notes which are a good thing, but you have only two stories and these are comparatively short.

"Flame," Fruitvale, Calif. "An Arizona Episode" gives a little idea that it isn't the clothes which make a gentleman. The story has a very pleasant ending. "A Prize Package" is amusing, especially when one knows of cases like this that have actually occurred. The plot to get around the hotel keeper in "How the Red Replaced the Gold" is pretty good. Most of your jokes have no points; if they have they are not very sharp.

"Blue and White," your paper is still at par, but it is not quite so good as some of the preceding editions; you lack in jokes.

One of the best of our present Exchanges is the March edition of the "High School News," from St. Louis, Mo. School spirit and school life are traceable throughout the paper. The stories and jokes are fine.

"The Dragon" has a good article on "The American Pad and Textile." Not a point is omitted. We enjoyed reading your joke column. Did all fifteen men make the track team?

"The Sentinel" has an interesting narrative, entitled "Canine Worthlessness." "How the Limited Was Saved" is not practical. Most of your best "Jokes" are Exchanges.

In the "Sotoyoman" "The Half-back of '98" is well written. The reader is kept interested until the last. Don't you think you could arrange your material better?

"The Polytechnic" has not enough stories. We think it would be a good plan for the "Polytechnic" and the "Porcupine" to go over their joke columns together. It might prevent embarrassments in the way of stale jokes. The "Porcupine" has a fine editorial on school activity. We don't approve of your crowding "ads." on nearly every page, for it spoils the appearance of any paper.

"The Highwayman" in the "Washburnian" is well gotten up. The "London Ghost Story" is not as good as "A Man and His Price." What you lack now is a Joke and an Exchange column.

In the "Tocsin" the number of stories can't be criticised, but the value can. What you want is stories with a plot to them. Try not to fill up your Joke column with Exchanges. You have two very well written solid articles, and we give you credit for the time spent on them.

Last but not least, comes "The Cricket," the best Exchange on our list. Every department is up to the mark, but the literary end is the best we have seen. In "Defeating a Revolution," there is a well worked up plot. Jack London, on "His Seven Year Tour," is very cleverly written and we enjoyed it very much. The little rhymes about the different students are also cleverly written and very humorous.

JOSHES

Freshman (in cabinet shop)—I don't see any place for music in McKnew's music cabinet.
"Mike" Ahrens—Aw, that goes in the cracks between the joints.

Unsin—Do you want to buy a ticket to the baseball game?
Kline—I've got one.
Unsin—Well, you'll need two to get in.

Mr. Werson—I am afraid it is going to rain.
Grinsell—What makes you think so?
Mr. Werson—Murray's got his coat off.

Visitor (pointing to Wallen)—What does he teach?

Mr. Brewer (referring to the students in line for a paper)—Get in the Life line, Mr. Werson.

Miller (to Skelley, who had just quit pitching)—What's the matter, Skelley, did you get tired?
Skelley—No, but I wore the ball out.

Schwartz—Why is Berg's head like Langdon's?
Ashley—I don't know.
Schwartz—It's on the square.

IN NEW YORK.

Small Son—Is San Francisco a great big garden?
Father—Why, no, my boy; what made you think that?
Son—Well, the papers say that they're doing a great deal of grafting out there.

C. Lieb (shingling)—What did you ever shingle before, Nourse?
Nourse—A hen coop.

Miss Edwards—Tell about the Battle of Marston Moor.
Sleepy Engle—Marston Moor—he——
Miss Edwards—Next.

Grinsell—Wallen's "Life" was taken.
Merchant (becoming excited)—When? How?
Grinsell (unconcernedly)—Somebody took it out of his locker last night.

Mr. Brewer (to DeMerritt, who had brought a book of puzzles to geometry class)—Have you ever seen any small child try to work them out?
De Merritt—I've tried them a few times.

Mr. Wood (to Knutzen, who has a cornucopia)—Well, Knutzen, I see you are going to lick (Lick).

Miss Edwards—What was the speakers' stand in the Roman Forum called?
Bright Freshman (coming out of his noonday nap)—The Rosetta Stone.

Mr. Brewer—Where is your home work?
Student—I must have left it at home.
Mr. Brewer—I suppose tomorrow morning you'll tell me the baby ate it up.

It would hardly be fair to call the Freshman class "infants". Any photographer could prove that.

Miss Edwards (referring to Athenian games)—What occurs every four years at Athens?
Student—Leap Year.

Teacher—Trowbridge, describe Jeff.
Trowbridge—He was a bald-headed man with stiff black hair——
Teacher—Sit down.

The other day, while watching the boys running on the track, I asked Wing, who was standing near by, why he hadn't turned out lately. He replied that he kept in training, running for the car in the mornings.

Becker (reciting in English)—"The knight, while resting in the castle one night, heard a blast from a trumpet——"
Miss Edwards—A blast from what?
Sotto voice—Gray Brothers, at Telegraph Hill!

7.00 A.M.
9.00 A.M.
7.50 A.M.
DOORS CLOSED TILL NOON
9.50
8.00 A.M.
A. STUDENTS HARDSHIPS IN FRISCO
HOLL '08

Miss Hess—How do you regulate a clock?
Murray—Would a watch do?

Freshie—What's all that noise in there?
Senior—Oh, that's only Wallen looking over cartoons for the "Life."

Conductor (on Fillmore car, when power gave out)—Change cars for the foot line.

Merritt—Mr. Dodge, can you show me how to wind this armature?
Mr. Dodge (examining it)—Noah must have been an electrician, as the ark is the only place a thing like that could come from.

Flamm—Doc, why didn't you win the relay for the electrical shop?
Surrhyne—Well, look at my shoes.
Hanley (butting in)—You mean, look at your feet.

Cliff—Have you a joke?
Hertenstein—Yes. Moore's a good joke.
Moore (who caught the question but not the answer)—Yes, but I'm going to hand it in myself.

First Student—Have you a stop watch?
Second Student—Sure.
First Student—How do you start it?
Second Student—That is what I want to know.

The building over at the refugee camp which is being constructed by the carpenters is built very economically. The shingles are so laid that it is entirely unnecessary to burn gas on moonlight nights.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."

It was in the dead of night, and a cold night at that; Mr. Smith was away, and Petersen Smith was just getting over the measles.

"Mother, may I have a drink of real cold water?" waking Mrs. Smith from a refreshing slumber.

"Turn right over and go to sleep!" commanded the mother. "You are a naughty boy to wake mother up when she put a pitcher of water next to you the very last thing before she went to bed last night."

Ten minutes later the small voice piped again: "Mother, I want a drink of water."

"Petersen," said Mrs. Smith, "if you say that again I shall get up and spank you."

There was five minutes silence and again Petersen spoke.

"Mother," he said, cheerfully, "when you get up to spank me may I have a drink of water?"

—EDWARD STERN, '10.

"Dutch" Holl has at last decided to become an artist and when I asked him what kind of an artist he intended to be, he replied that he intended to practice cart-tuning. I asked him if it was anything like piano-tuning, but "Dutch" got disgusted and walked away. The next day I saw "Dutch" working over a sketch of "Mick" Willison. He had added some hair to the upper lip and, calling me over, asked me if it didn't look like "Abe Roof"? But when I told him the Irish was still in the "Mick's" face, he became disgusted and since then he has given up cart-tuning.

LATEST PUNS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Brewer—There is no sense in three-quarters of a cent.
Mr. Werson—Say, boys, haul up some brick while you are resting.
Trowbridge—Mr. McHenry Chase(d) the Crow(e) who Dodge(d) into the Woods.

Mr. Brewer—I see you have a lot of new men turning out on the track, lately.
Baumbaugh—Aw, they're only training for the car strike.

HOW WE KNOW HIM.

He is now a committee of one to gather or entice the small change.

"Now, fellows, don't be bashful,
For 'Jake' a long yarn can spin
About cornucopias being wasteful.
Then, through Jacobs give your generous support,
It's coin that makes the team win."

Evolution of the School Pin.

Fox—Say, "Mick," when the first and second man in a race tie, how do they count the points?

"Mick"—Add up the points for first and second place and give each man half.

Fox—Well, what do they do if the first and third man tie?

"Wilmerding Life" Want Ads pay better than any other.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted—By Mr. Wood, boys to learn plumbing who know how to take care of tools.

Wanted—By Mr. Felt, wise boys from W. S. I. A. to take charge of wiring of St. Francis, Palace, Fairmont, and other large buildings.

Wanted—By Miss Edwards, a bright boy to write stories and jokes for "Wilmerding Life", and who can also learn a little Civil Government on the side.

Wanted—By Mrs. Dettling, boys to eat coffee and sinkers. No experience required.

Wanted—By John Brewer, a remedy to keep high school athletes from becoming professionals.

BUSINESS.

Wanted—Generous students from W. S. I. A. to come to the front with 25 cents and help save the W. S. I. A. Band from destruction.

"DUTCH" AND "MICK" AT THE CIRCUS.

"Dutch" Holl—"Mick", come here yet vonce and see vot a schmall horse dis iss yet alretty.

"Mick" Willison—Aw, begorra, he ain't so schmall. I saw a hoss in de ole country phwat waiz as schmall as two from him.

RAH! RAH! RAH! THE BAND.

Scene: English room. Time: Every rally.

President of Student Body—We will now hear from Mr. Holl, our Band leader.

Dutch Holl—Friends, Wilmerdingites and Fellow Students: I am here to get money for the band and not praise it. The band is in a very bad fix; there are no uniforms for our musicians and not one of them has a band cap. Now, all I want from you fellows is a little support. I know you all want the band——

Students—Hurrah for the Band! Whee!

Dutch Holl—Now, I make a motion that all you fellows come through with a dollar apiece to help the cause.

President of Student Body—Any second to that motion?

A student—I move we lay the matter on the table.

Second student—I second that motion.

President of Student Body—All in favor, say "Aye".

Students—AYE!

President of Student Body—Contrary, no. The motion is carried.

Yell Leader Moore—The Band, fellows, Rah! Rah! Rah! the Band!

Students—"The Band, Rah! Rah! Rah! the Band!"

DEDICATED TO A CAT.

"George! oh, George, wake up! There's a burglar trying to pick the lock of the door!" (Snores unlimited.)

"George, wake up, we'll all be murdered!!"

"All right" (sleepily).

"George, why don't you hurry?"

"I'm hurryin'."

"Oh! he's nearly broken the door."

"Consarn the tacks!" (Sundry noises as George falls over a chair.)

"Ah! that chair was built well."

"Oh, George, is the chair broken?"

"No, but my head is."

"George, don't forget to capture him."

"All right."

(Creaks and groans as door opens.)

"Aw, it's only that blasted cat of the kid's." —E. WRIGHT, '10.

Doings in Some of the Dep'mts.

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Patronize " "
Please " " "
You " " " "
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Students " " " "

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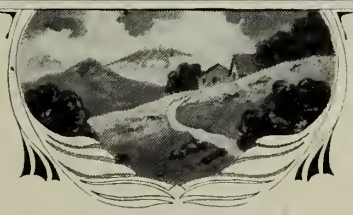

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Obituary

DIED

MAY 32, 1907, IN THIS CITY

"BAILEY'S SUIT"

INCLUDING COAT, TROUSERS, VEST
SOX AND TIES

We regret exceedingly to announce through the columns of our paper, that one of our oldest and most conspicuous landmarks, known as the "Tailor's Revenge," passed to an eternal rest in the rag-bag yesterday. It has taken such a prominent and loud part in all rooting sections that it is well known among all our subscribers, especially the gentle sex (boo hoo). This over enthusiasm evinced everywhere was its doom, as we all noticed toward the last that it grew faded and thin--in spots, and its loud color was fast going on the wane. Do we all regret its departure? You bet we do and we all send our deepest sympathies and well wishes to the poor rag man who has to consign it to its final resting place. May he bear up in his sorrow and fumigate, cremate and scatter to the four winds what was once ''Bailey's Suit.''

''REST IN PEACE(S)''

It helped Bailey to do his best--friends.

c.1 The Wilmerding Life
June, 1907
(Commencement Issue)

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June, 1907
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